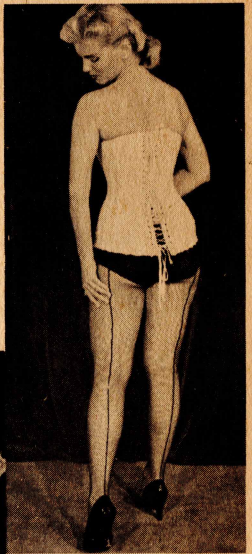


CORRESPONDENCE ANNUAL



LETTERS . . . STORIES . . . PHOTOS . . . DRAWINGS
from READERS



"CORRESPONDENCE ANNUAL"

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To the Editor:

Your issue No. 28 is up to your high standard, and Correspondence Digest No. 2 is excellent. But No. 29 is dull and lacking in variety. Why all those pages describing variations of "nose-ring" jewelry and other outlandish fantasies that no one, even a fetishist, would be caught wearing outside a freak show? Also, what has happened to Tana Louise? Her pictures and comments have been a high light of "Exotique." Let's have Tana back!

I note that occasional letters from arrogant males criticize your articles dealing with the rise of the domineering, man-taming female. The writers are, of course, entitled to their opinion. However, they are ignoring one of the greatest social upheavals of history. In the past few decades, women have moved so decisively toward assuming the dominant role in society that, if it continues at the same pace, every vestige of masculine "superiority" could be wiped out by the year 2000.

Startling? Just study the record of

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female emancipation since the turn of this century!

The woman of 1910, weighted down by voluminous skirts and corsets, was considered only as a workhorse whose "place" was in the home. Her duties: Housekeeping, child-bearing and raising a family, cooking, washing, scrubbing, ironing, sewing, gardening, and most of all, obeying and catering to the whims of her "lord and master". She had no vote, no chance to compete for job or career, no voice in finances, politics, business. She risked her "reputation" if she was even seen alone outside her home at night. Divorce from a cruel or worthless husband was all but unthinkable -- where would she go, what could she do? She even had little or no right to assert her own feelings sexually -- she was supposed to consider that only in the light of pleasing her husband.

Look at what woman has wrought in half-century!

Women own the bulk of American corporations and trusts. They challenge men

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in every field of business, professions, the arts. They have the vote and the numbers to control elections and politics. A career girl now meets man on his own ground. She lives where and how she pleases; travels or goes night-clubbing or invades and takes over men's last sanctums -- the bars, clubs, golf courses. With all this "equality", however, the girls insist on retaining whatever advantages and privileges were theirs as the former "weaker sex" -- man still picks up the bills; man still is supposed to respect, honor, step aside for fragile femininity. Often he steps aside to find suddenly that the little dear has stepped right into his place and ousted him from it.

In the home, woman controls the purse strings. Final decision is hers on the home and its furnishings and decorations; the car, the television set, where to vacation. She even buys her husband's clothing and tells him what to wear and when. If she is not satisfied with a husband, she tosses him aside, adds his alimony to her own property or earnings, and goes looking for a better deal. She has lengthened the span and vigor

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of her own life, as man's is shortened as he slaves for expensive luxuries and smart clothing demanded by the girls.

Can anyone compare these two pictures without drawing the parallel to its natural conclusion some generations hence?

There is little possibility of the trend reversing itself, for women of ever-increasing dominance have the control of children's lives and training. Little boys and girls these days are raised to consider their mother something of a privileged, extra-special goddess. Dad is just the guy who comes home tired and grouchy to hand over the money he has made and to the dishes and housework that mother didn't have time to do because of her clubs or bridge or political activity. How can these youngsters grow up without feeling that woman has become the dominant, ruling sex in fact?

From that point it is but a short step to the dropping of all pretense, and woman



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can then enforce their will in more physical fashion. Who could question their decision to put men, the new housekeepers and homemakers, into the skirts and clothing associated with their tasks? And women, wanting to show off their "little men" probably will insist on the latest of fashions, the restriction of figure-training garments, for their husbands and boy friends. Who is to know what the concept of fashion may be in the year 2000? Whether it is high heels and tight lacing, or flowing Grecian robes or the scantiest of lace and satin briefs, it is to this type of thing that men are being directed.

One can scarcely pick up a magazine these days without reading about the trend to "mom-ism", the rise of the American woman and the subservience of her male lesser-half. Ask almost any sophisticated, independent girl or wife if she'd like to dress her "guy" up in petticoats and feminine fluff and let him wait on her and do the housework. Chances are her eyes will shine and she'll say "I'd love it!" And you might be surprised how many would say, "What do you mean, would I like to -- I do it all the time!"

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An article in a current men's magazine points out a surprisingly great trend toward transvestism among men of undoubted normal sex drives. "Kinsey disclosed that more than half the men interviewed have, at some time or another, worn clothing of the opposite sex, or expressed a suppressed but persistent desire to do so," the article states. It goes on to say that, were such a spot-check possible, the public "would be surprised to learn how many men going about their business in offices or stores, factories or on the street, are wearing dainty lace panties, or various combinations of panties, girdles or garter belts, bras and nylon hose beneath their male clothing."

Does this indicate that many men consciously or subsciously sense the reversal of authority between the sexes, and are expressing their acceptance of it in this manner? As a determined woman disciple of the reversal in human relations, I believe this to be true, and intend to do all I can to further it and hasten the inevitable day when women throw aside the subterfuge of wiles, persua-

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sion, teasing, tantrums and tears that have been so effective in gaining their ends, and bluntly announce:

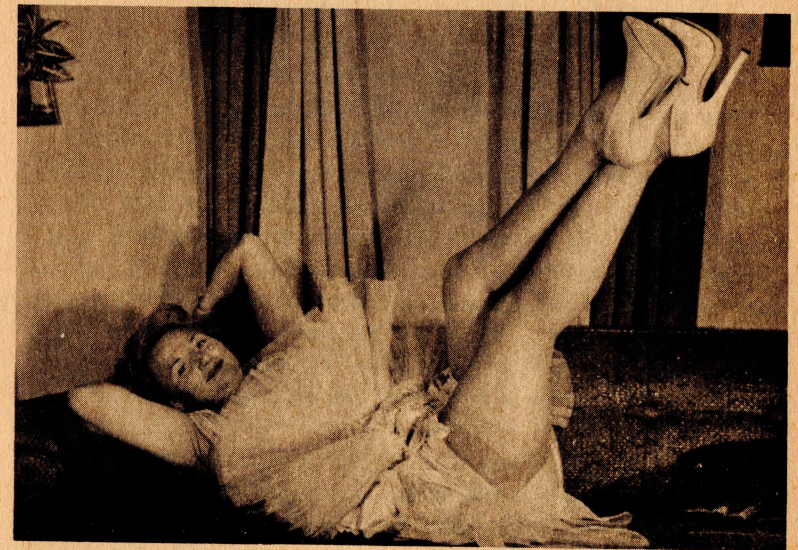
"Women no longer have to pretend to be helpless, weak, and stupid in order to flatter man's ego into doing what we want him to do. You arrogant males must now realize that for many years we have been slowly undermining your special rights and privileges. Now we control you -- economically, politically, psychologically, and even sexually. So we are finalizing our victory by asserting full physical control of you as well. Like it or not, from here on you will step to our music. You will be the worker, the housekeeper, obeying and serving us as we desire and direct. You will act and dress as we think appropriate. Your privileges, if any, will be only what we choose to grant you. For twenty centuries you have ruled and mismanaged the world; it is our turn to assume power and prove that we can do the job much better."

Well, boys, that's the way it is going to be. As for the braggarts who want you to

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print their empty claims of being the big strong man who dominates and abuses the poor little dependent female -- well, let them dream. They will be rudely awakened by the "right" modern girl one of these days.

"J" Los Angeles, Calif.



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Dear Editor:

I have always been more or less fascinated by feminine clothing, and can remember wearing my mother's silk bloomers when only a boy. Shortly after I was married, on several occasions my wife allowed me to wear some of her panties. However, she was not too happy about it so I did not continue the practice.

My transtestite tendency was allowed to lapse for several years until something occurred which renewed my desire to wear clothing of the opposite sex. As things became scarce during the war it was not always possible to buy the things one wanted. My wife came home one night and announced that she had been unable to buy the kind of pajamas I had always worn and the nearest she could get was a pair of girl's pajamas in my size.

I enjoyed wearing them so much that without my wife's knowledge and with the help of various mail order catalogs I began to accumulate a complete wardrobe.

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Eventually I had girdles, bras, panties, stockings, slips, skirts, blouses, latex bathing suit and even rubbers to fit my high-heeled shoes. The satin-latex bathing suit caused me some anxious moments one day when the zipper stuck. The suit fitted so tightly I had to cut my way out of it.

My wife never wears a girdle unless she is dressed up for a special occasion, and then when she gets in and out of it she complains long and loud and often calls it 'an invention of the devil.' When latex girdles appeared on the market I persuaded her to buy one, thinking it would be more comfortable and she would wear a girdle more often. However, she still went girdleless as often as she could.

My own experience with girdle-wearing had been for short intervals and I began to wonder if wearing one regularly was as bad as she claimed it was. I noted that latex girdles were advertised as being invisible even under thin dresses and bathing suits. If this were true I should be able to

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wear one under my masculine clothes without anyone knowing.

I secured a Playtex in my size and decided to wear it every day for a week so as to give it a good trial. I discovered it was necessary to wear stockings to keep the girdle from riding up. After the week was over I found that I enjoyed the feeling of firm but gentle support so much that I continued to wear it whenever possible. For those times that I did not wish to wear stockings I discovered that girdle-anchors worked very well.

A great improvement came about quite accidentally. By this time I had found out that it was not too embarrassing to buy intimate apparel in a store. A clerk gave me a panty girdle by mistake, and rather than exchange it, I tried it on. To my surprise I found that it stayed in place perfectly without either stockings or girdle anchors.

I have a tendency to overweight and I find that my rubber girdles help a great

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deal in keeping my weight down. I often wear one when sleeping at night.

Of course, the only times when I can dress completely as a girl are when I am alone and sure of not being discovered. It hardly seems fair to me that girls can wear pants, shirts, and other items of male apparel in public continually without exciting comment while we men can almost never enjoy the luxury of silk and nylons and the comfortable support of a well fitting girdle.

R.E.B., Michigan

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Dear Editor:

Why is it considered so bad for a male of the specie to wear corsets and other dainty clothing?

This had long been on my mind and although more of us lace tight and wear lacy under-garments than is admitted to the public, the question goes unanswered.

As for myself, I wear corsets all the time and have just about as long as I can remember. Where this delightful habit was acquired is not known. All I know is that my waist is laced in every day of my life and had been for the last thirty years.

Today as I write this I sit at the typewriter dressed as follows

First I have on a pair of pink panties over this my tight laced corset (26) -- then my nylon hose are attached to my supporters. Next is a pair of lacy blue panties, bra and falsies. Next a beautiful blue slip

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slacks and shirtwaist. It buttons from the left, of course. I am wearing pumps with 3 inch heels.

I began to wear a corset around the age of ten and of course, have a very nice wait for my age. I am pretty husky and I suppose if I were seen dressed as at the present would be quite noticable. I weigh 160 and am 5 feet 6 in heels. Of course, my slacks, dresses are a size 20 and my other accessories are of a proportionate size.

This may not be of interest to you readers but I do love these garments and wear my corset all the time and the other types of clothing as often as possible.

The erect well braced feeling my corset gives me when I sit at my desk or stroll around is reason enough for wearing it alone. I wear a high bust model and there is no discomfort whatever. The taut feeling across my hips as the skirt of my corset constricts my stride and the nylons stretching their supported smoothness to

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to my upper thighs is a feeling of loveliness.

My heels are 3 inches and I would not care to attempt to wear any higher like the ones we see in our magazine. My desire would be to meet some nice lady who understood my passion for lacing and the wearing of pretty underthings, but that seems to be impossible.

J.M.C., Texas



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Dear Ed:

I'm sure your mail must be well spiced with letters from male admirers who approve and admire your individualism, independence, and outlook on "social relations."

Allow me to add my appreciation for your photos and observations in "Exotique." But they must be tinged with regret that few too many girls share your advanced ideas in dress, manners and the more enlightened attitudes between the sexes.

While in New York for several years, I had the pleasure. . . or should I say, the unusual experience. . . of knowing L.Y., one who shares many of your interests and principles.

Should you ever find occasion to appear in a Los Angeles club, or be lured to TV or picture work here, I'd like to meet and be of any service possible to you.

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I'm in the publicity field, having some clients of the upper-brackets in TV and recording work.

I'll look forward to more of your little comments and glamour-pages in coming issues of "Exotique", hoping to catch you in person ultimately. . . .

E.H., Los Angeles, Calif.

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Dear Sir:

Congratulations on your Correspondence Digest #2. It was quite the best thing for lovers of the dominant female I've run across.

The letter by R.W. (p.6) was excellent, and I thoroughly agree with F.M.F. (p. 12); let's have a sequel to "Midnight Masquerade," with the sister squelching her high-heeled brother on the wrestling mat.

The cover illustration, depicting the transformation of a handsome male into a handsomer girl was delicious, but how disappointing not to find a story to go with it! Also, the two split-page drawings of a girl overcoming an attacker and opponent were wonderful, but why no story? And why not more of the same -- let's see the start and conclusion of a gal vs. guy brawl.

Congratulations -- and let's have more high-heeled, lace-panties males and more high-heeled, dominating Amazons.

L. L., New York

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Dear Sirs:

I have read your Correspondence Digest and find it most interesting. So I am going to state my feelings or dilemma which ever you wish to call it.

I am a young man of 27, tall and slim. I am a transvestite, yes, I enjoy wearing woman's clothing, especially skin tight sheaths, high heel shoes, and such.

As I am in the service, I have to be very careful, but every once in awhile I can't help myself and have to go somewhere and dress up. I like heels of 7 to 9 inches on my shoes, I prefer satin corsets and other underthings. I like black nylon stockings and tight satin sheath, clothes that cling and show what look to be a beautiful shape.

Naturally I need to wear a wig, so that I may pass completely as a woman. I love to walk the streets and window shop at night. I have even bought clothes in a woman's store in plain daylight dressed in

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this fashion. So you see, I am obsessed and do not wish to change, now or ever.

I only wish I could trust someone and find someone that feels as I do toward this. Only another transvestite would understand. Any other type of person socially accepted or not, would look at this all wrong. Maybe someday we will be accepted also.

D. B., SanBernadino, Calif.



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Dear Sir:

I hope you'll pardon this paper. The only bond paper I have at present is imprinted with company letter head, which would hardly be appropriate for a "letter to the Editor." Today being Labor Day I can't run down to the corner to procure the proper typewriter paper.

I want to thank you for the enlightenment you are bring to mature minds on the subject of fetish dress. You have no doubt, relieved many of frustrations due to ignorance. During my High School days (1939) rubber raincoapes were in vogue. I didn't know exactly why then, but on rainy days I would sit next to girls on the bus who were clad only in rubber capes. This thrilled me greatly and I probably blushed some, but I don't think the girls always realized their added attraction of wearing rubber.

The Summer of the same year I went on my first swimming party. There were four couples. Of course, the boys got into their swim suits and out to the beach first. Then came the girls, one by one, and

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my date, a lovely blond in a green rubber swim suit. Wow! Talk about girls swooning, I almost swooned. She forgot her cap, and it may have been a good thing she did, because then she would have been almost completely clad in live exciting wet rubber. When she lied down next to me on the blanket I not only saw her figure molded in the skin tight rubber, but could feel it against my arm, and the pungent aroma of fresh rubber as the sun caressed it. Thank goodness the surf was close by, for I just had to cool off, but fast.

May I make a constructive suggestion? In the correspondence section of SUBMISSION IN LEATHER, page 36, M.M.K. of Forth Worth, Texas has submitted an excellent letter. I heartily agree with M.M.K. that leather is exotic looking, however, I'd much rather see Tana Louise garbed in lovely clinging rubber for a change. Now I know that you probably can't publish four separate magazines for the satin, leather, rubber, and transvestite enthusiasts, because it wouldn't be economically sound. How about a little of each fetish in every issue? This, I think you're aiming to do, with the exception of one of your

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latest issues of EXOTIQUE (I haven't got the issue number, but one of your cover femmes is getting ready to drink from a high heel slipper). You can imagine my disappointment, after paying \$1.75, and finding nothing for the rubber enthusiasts. I'll never forgive you, but here I am writing you and offering suggestions which I hope will make a well constructed periodical even better.

Getting back to M.M.K. of Forth Worth. Since the man is a professional photographer, and as evident in the foto on page 37 does good work, why not make him an offer for some more pictures of his rubber clad beauty. Or, better still, M.M.K. or some of the other rubber enthusiasts such as Mrs. M.C. of Philadelphia, Pa. (Issue 15, page 30) might contribute ideas on how to work with rubber in a do-it-yourself way of making capes, costumes, etc. For example, the best kind of snaps or fasteners to use with rubber sheeting. How to make a mystery mask of rubber by using a playtex shower cap for the face with eye holes only, and a playtex swim cap and

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chin strap to cover the head and neck. Say now, that's an idea you can work into one of your features! Mrs. M.C. had a local Philadelphia supplier make-up various garments. . . .all in rubber. Would you know of other suppliers of rubber costumes, perhaps they would be anxious to run an ad if you would contact them.

I know you have stated every so often that you do not send names upon request. May I again suggest that with the writers permission you publish a list of, shall we call it, Club Members, who would like to correspond and exchange ideas and even get together. Undoubtedly there are many fetish enthusiasts who would not want there names and addresses published but would like to contact others of the same interests who do not object to having their name and fetish in print.

Would you be able to send me the names of any magazine dealers in Milwaukee who carry EXOTIQUE. . . .new, and back issues?

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Would you please suggest books (and authors) I could get from the public library covering fetish dress and costumes?

I hope my ramblings haven't bored you. Best wishes to you and your staff, especially Tana Louise, Gene Bilbrew, H. Zucca, Carlson Wade, Stanton, Eneg, Edith Reynolds, and Evelyn Adams.

J.I., Milwaukee, Wisconsin



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Dear Miss Louise:

First allow me to congratulate you heartely with your new very smart Italian hairstyle which fits your dominating figure excellently. As to my opinion it would stress your imperious outlook still more if you would comb your hair in such a manner that your nice small ears could become fully visible. You are oh so right by stating in one of your last issues of Exotique that in love affairs one always will be the master and the other the slave. And you add that in most cases it is the woman who assumes the dominating role. I want to go even further by ascertaining that it is always the woman who enslaves the man though there are some stupid people and cowards who won't admit this simple truth.

The woman belonging to the weaker sex only in the physical sense always succeeds in triumphing over the man by her greater intelligence, her stronger power of will and her higher imagination. She does it by very many means of which a severe looking riding outfit - with the holy trinity

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knee-length riding boots, sharp spurs and a large riding whip has proved to be the most effective one. As horsewoman every woman shows a glorious picture of strength and beauty and is admired by men throughout all ages. Men are enraptured by the sight of a fierce Amazon seated on horseback and dominating the creature beneath her by the strong pressure of her wonderfully booted and spurred legs, the reins in one and the riding crop in the other of her gloved hands. And many a man would wish by all his heart that he may be allowed to change his place with the lucky horse. From this haughty Amazonian posture it is only one step to the position of the woman making love to a man as we see it already on ancient Indian, Greek, or Roman bowls. There the woman takes the initiative by kneeling, sitting or squatting on the men she wants to be coupled with. By combining these two important points we can state that only the authoritative woman wearing boots, spurs, whip, etc. who sits astride upon the man of her choice, by riding him energetically will form the happiest couple or match with her slave.

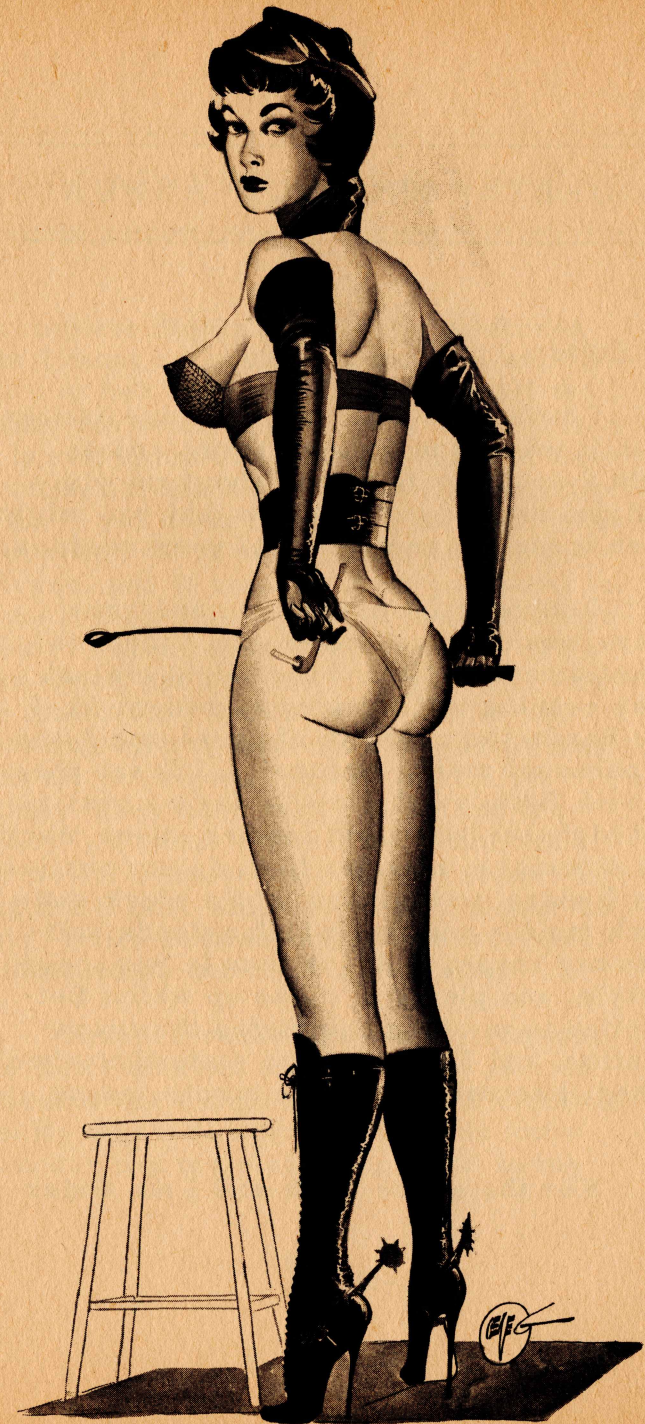
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Finally allow me to confess to you that you have been my dreamgirl ever since I saw your pictures for the first time of which I have pinned up some of the most impressive photos in my sleeping-room. May I tell you how I see you before my eyes? You wear the most overwhelming riding outfit completely made of jet-black or blood-red patent leather. On your short bobbed hair you wear a small riding cap, on your neck a collar, on your arms shoulder-length gloves while the red tips of your protruding breasts are hardly covered by a very tiny strapless half bra. Your hourglass waist would be accentuated by a wide belt and a very, very small triangle bikini would stress your wonderful bare midriff, hips, back, and legs. In your left hand you would hold a burning cigarette in a long leatherpipe and in your right a large riding crop ready to strike. As you wear one pair of gloves, riding boots and spurs it is only logical that you have another riding whip too for reserve after the first one would have been broken on one of your slave's backs. You could wear the second whip on your left side fixed upon

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the wide leather belt and perhaps also add as another weapon a frightful dagger. The piece-de-resistance of your dominating outfit would, of course, form a pair of very glossy, tight, strong, and stiff knee-length riding boots with flat or half high heels and sharp spurs. The only buckle would be on the bend of the knee only in order to make the wonderful shining legs still tighter if possible. Your riding boots wouldn't be laced or buttoned at all. By means of a leather lining they would form two smooth and threatening columns of divine lust by which you would subdue without any difficulty every man and especially me.

H.V., Amsterdam



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Dear Editor:

I have read almost all of your delightful publications and enjoyed them, and so thought I would write to you about my girl-friend and myself in the hopes that you might publish it for the enjoyment of your readers.

I suppose I am what you and your readers would call a "week-end" maid to my girl-friend, Betty. From eight o'clock Friday evening until Sunday at mid-night, I serve her in the capacity of house-maid and also personal maid. Naturally, I dress the part with Betty's help, my uniform consisting of high-heeled patent leather shoes, dark nylon stockings, a garter belt, dainty panties, which I adore, padded bra, and a black satin French maid's uniform which extends half-way to my knees. A black female wig, page boy style, and plenty of make up which Betty applies to my face completes the transformation, and I am proud to state that when finished, I actually look like a cute, young maid.

For the entire week-end I am under

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the complete domination of my mistress whom I must call, Miss Betty, and am constantly at her beck and call, doing all the cooking and serving of meals, house-cleaning, laundry, ironing, etc. Several of Betty's closer friends are aware of our little "game", and usually drop in on week-ends. Of course, I must serve them as I do my mistress, and it amuses them to no end to see me mince daintily about the apartment my skirt swishing as I serve them. It delights them, and me too, I might add, whenever Miss Betty orders me to raise my skirts and turn around slowly, so that they might all get a good view of my frilly panties. They have taken to calling me "Nancy", a name which I think fits me very well. Occasionally, one of them will bring me a gift, which is always a pair of dainty, frilly panties, which I must model for them some time during the day.

Several weeks ago, at my request, Miss Betty allowed me to wear a pair of panties to work under my regular clothing. It really was a delicious feeling to know that under my male clothing, next to my

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skin, was a pair of lacy, dainty panties instead of ordinary male underwear. It really pleases me to know that Miss Betty understands me and allows me the pleasure of serving her as a maid and dressing the part. I have proposed to her several times, offering to be her obedient maid forever, but each time she counters by saying that when she is sure that I am feminine enough in looks and action to really pass as her maid she will think about it, and until then I will have to be content with being a "week-end maid".

N.C., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Dear Ed:

I was glad to see that my first letter was interesting enough for you to publish in #24, but was a little disappointed that one of my fotos which I submitted was credited to R.H., of Dallas, by association with his letter. In the hopes that this was an editorial mixup, rather than "poetic license," I will include another pic with this letter. Enjoyed Correspondence Digest #2 very much as it contained many of the letters from your readers that have been missing from your recent issues. I would like to add my small voice to the several pleas that you print the pics along with the letters you receive. Several letters in Digest #2 indicated that they had also submitted fotos, which were not used.

Appreciate the comments by J.A.S. concerning my pic, but I cannot submit a full face foto anymore than I can, as I indicated in my earlier letter, answer the door answer the door dressed as a "French Maid," or reveal my true status to anyone other than my wife. Although I have gone out for

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a ride or walk in female dress on many occasions, I have only appeared as a girl among my friends on one occasion, and this was at a "Turnabout" party, so was quite acceptable. Only the girl who helped me with my makeup knew that the wardrobe was entirely my own. On this occasion, however, I was quite happy to learn that I could deceive even old friends with a reasonable amount of attention to detail.

As a suggestion for your correspondence columns, would love to hear from more hubby and wife combinations where it takes more than one look to determine which one is the hubby. If pics are used more, and suggestions are forthcoming, would be glad to oblige, since we do our own foto work - so let's have some suggestions.

L.B., Seattle, Washington



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Dear Editor:

Quite early in our marriage my wife became aware of the intense fascination feminine clothing has for me. I would observe with great avidity her rituals of dressing or undressing. I took especial interest in the stockings and high heeled shoes she wore. Her little attentions to covering an indiscretely exposed knee, or to adjusting the garters holding her nylons fascinated me - and even filled me with envy. She even caught me reading certain magazines devoted to exotic fashions and transvestism and elicited my confession that I had long desired to dress as she dresses.

Quite to my surprise she showed an interest in my desires, indeed, thought it would be fun to dress me as a girl. She procured a variety of feminine garments as would enable me to indulge my fancy. I recall vividly her insistence on my shaving my legs before wearing stockings, hairy legs being particularly unattractive. The act of shaving my legs was a strangely thrilling affair, partly I suppose, because it committed me, at least for the months until the hair grew out to my new feminine role

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and would be a constant reminder of this "slavery" I was to undergo. Seeing my legs bare and smooth as a girl's legs was exhilarating and drawing my new sheer nylons slowly up their length and then gartering them snugly was more thrilling even than the thousands of times I had done so in my fantasies. My wife enjoyed my delight at the initiation to what had been before only her pleasures and not mine. I slipped my feet into a graceful pair of black high-heeled pumps and took my first steps in a new world. How naturally one assumes graceful stances in high heels - how delightful to mince about and feel that delicious straining of the instep as the foot has to arch over. The stockings felt like a gentle whisper on my legs.

I spent the day in a gay print dress, and my wife was both pleased and amused as I discovered the little pleasures (and nuisances) of adjusting a skirt, fixing a garter, straightening a seam. I felt both a certain embarrassment and also a great relief at finally experiencing what I had so long envied. By days my feet protested at their confinement and my leg's muscles complained at the unaccustomed perching on spike heels. My wife treated me more as

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a girl friend than as husband and we had fun "modelling" for each other.

As the weeks wore on it became my habit, the moment I returned home, to don my feminine things and the thrill, rather than subsiding through habit became more intense. By the time I'd get home I'd be in a virtual panic to get into the clothes that seemed "right" and to shed those that I had to wear to work. My wife instructed me in the art of applying cosmetics and by now I think my manner as a girl is relaxed and natural enough to escape detection. I have not dared venture out of our house so dressed, but my wife has become insistent that I do so. I think she probably looks forward to the amusement of seeing me stared at as a girl, and I wouldn't be surprised if she has planned some clever, and possibly embarrassing "coming-out" affair.

At present I'm sitting at our writing table in a blouse and skirt combination, the skirt being quite tight and short. As I adjust it over my knee (these gestures have become almost involuntary) I can't help running my hand down the smooth stretch of nylon covered calf and its very

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pleasurable feeling. I look down and see my dainty pumps and flex my instep and wonder if maybe I could wear a still higher heel.

T.A., Boston, Mass.





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Dear Ed:

Reference is made in Vo. 2, page 30, entitled "The Stocking Saga" by Madeline Alverer. It reads in part, "will generally confess, too, that he wished that nylon stockings could be worn by men." For the past 18 months I have been wearing sheer nylon anklets. These cost \$1.00 a pair. With reasonable care, they will wear as well as other types of socks for men. As I said these anklets are sheer nylon, furnished in colors of beige, tan, etc. For my use I dye them black, brown, navy blue. Which due to the sheerness of the hose makes them a lovely color which really enhances and makes so much more attractive of the general appearance of the male. They do attract some attention. But only from those male persons who desire to know where I obtained them. Never has anyone asked me if I were wearing women's hose (which of course is what they are).

To cite an instance, last summer after a tiresome day I came home and my nephew was there for a visit, my wife away, and I had a tin can supper. After dishes were washed and

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the place more tidy, I turned on the TV for a night's pleasure. I was in my favorite chair and asked my nephew to get my slippers, which he did. I was wearing at the time a pair of the anklets, and in removing my shoes I exposed my foot to his view. He was standing there with the slippers in his hand, waiting for me to take them when he noticed my feet. He stood there in a state of pure astonishment. He finally managed to gasp out, "where did you get them?" I didn't even know what he was referring to. Having at this time become so accustomed to wearing them. He then got on his knees and placed the slippers on my feet, sat on the floor for several moments, just staring at my ankles. He finally reached up enough courage to take my slippers off and placed his hand on my silken ankles, grasped my foot and raised it to his lips and kissed it. Believe me, I was so dumbfounded I scarcely knew what to do. Here is a young man, 26 years of age, married, and becoming so distracted at the sight of a male's ankles covered by sheer nylon he loses all sense of "normal" behavior.

After some few minutes had elapsed in which a lot of hard breathing was noticeable I asked him what was wrong, he said that for

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years he wanted a pair of socks like mine and would I please tell him where to get them. So finding that nothing was seriously out of place I gave him a new pair that I had. He immediately stripped his feet of shoes and socks, washed his feet and placed the nylons on his feet. Now it was my turn to stare. He had a size 7 shoe and very well shaped feet. Yes, I kissed his, I am 37, married, 2 children. So I believe I am not alone in my desire to see youths and men have the chance to wear sheer nylons. For I have known several men and youths with handsome legs. Many years ago this very young man's father was about his age. The chance was there for a certain amount of horse play, and this youth (who I shall call Al) was finished taking a shower and was dressed in shorts etc. I said "Boy, that's a pretty pair of legs you have. I bet they'd look good in silk hose." He frowned back at me and said that if I was man enough to get a pair of silk stockings on him and that even if his legs were pretty he already knew that.

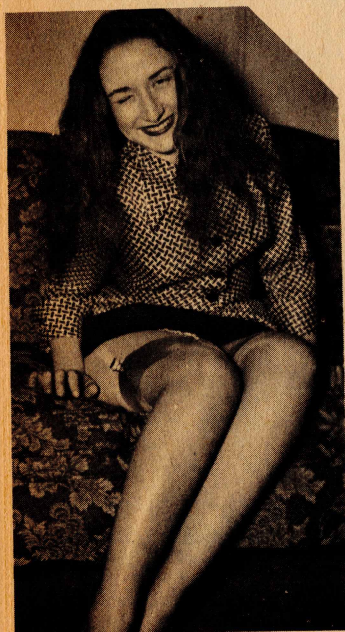
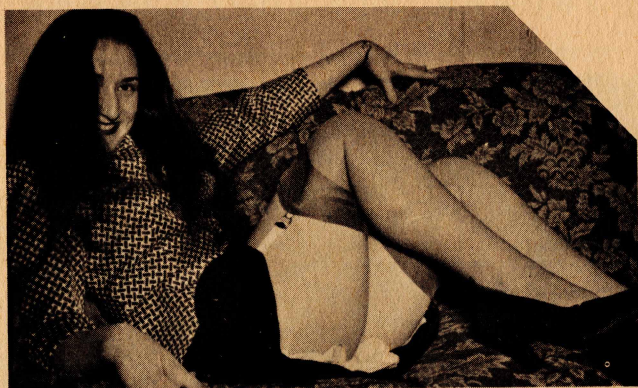
So I ordered a pair of opera length black stockings; not too sheer and waited. Well, I soon had the chance to get where he couldn't help him-

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self, and when I had one leg secured good I encased his shapely limbs in the opera hose, then I let him up. He never said a word, but just stared and stared at his legs. He looked at me dumbfounded and said, "Gosh." Many times, even now, that same man Al, will come over and see me; dress himself up in black nylons, just to let me admire his legs. So given the chance some few males will take the right to wear the things that they please.

A.F., New York, N.Y.





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Dear Ed:

I have intended to write a letter to you for some time, but I am just getting to it now. My wife, ar first, did not enjoy dressing exotically, but now, much to my satisfaction, she not only dresses this way but she really enjoys it. In fact, just recently she bought a copy of Exotique for the first time.

If you are interested I'll tell you a little more about what we like to do. (If you wish you may certainly publish this letter in your magazine.) First, I think a description of my wife, Bev, would be in order. She is 24, 5 feet, 4 1/2 inches and weights 125 pounds. She measures 40-25-36 top to bottom and wears a 34D bra.

Exotic make up is one of our pet fancies and Bev applies it artfully. She draws in heavy brown eyebrows, puts on mascara thickly and uses green eye shadow. Her cheeks are heavily rouged and her lipstick is very thick, (generally four coats), and very wide. She has long strawberry blond hair which frames her heavily made-up face. Bev loves long dangling earrings and wears them whenever possible.

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Her under clothing is another of our fads. She has about 6 or 8 specially made bras which range from a true half bra to a normal bra padded to make her 45 inches which she wears with tight sweaters and dresses. She doesn't like lace-in corsets, however, she wears the waist cincher type which whittles her to about 23 inches. She loves silk stockings with the black heel, seams, and designs. Her shoes are more conventional, the highest heel being 5 inches. We do know of a firm in Mexico that makes extreme heels within our pocket book and we plan to order 6 or 7 inch heels soon.

She likes tight clothes and low dresses or blouses. I want her to get something in black satin soon.

Last Saturday night we went out dancing and Bev put on a half bra of black satin, a black waist cincher, black wilk stockings, 5 inch heels, and a black and white linen dress. The dress was very tight from her waist down, but loose around the bust. The top of the dress was cut very low, even with the top of the bra. She wore elbow length mits of black, long earrings, and heavy make up. Even heavier than usual was

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her deep purple lipstick.

The dress caused the real sensation because when she leaned forward her bust was exposed down to and including half of her nipples. I thought the waiter's eyes would pop out of his head the first time he took our order. All in all it was very enjoyable.

In closing let me say we both enjoy your publications but we would enjoy seeing heavy make up and exotic bras featured sometime.

I have taken some pictures of Bev which I would be happy to send to you for publication. They are, however, 35 mm. transparencies, are these all right?

Also, if you publish this would you please tell us what number it will be in. We would also welcome any correspondence from other couples similarly interested.

Thank you for a most enjoyable magazine.

A. R. F., Niagara Falls, N.Y.



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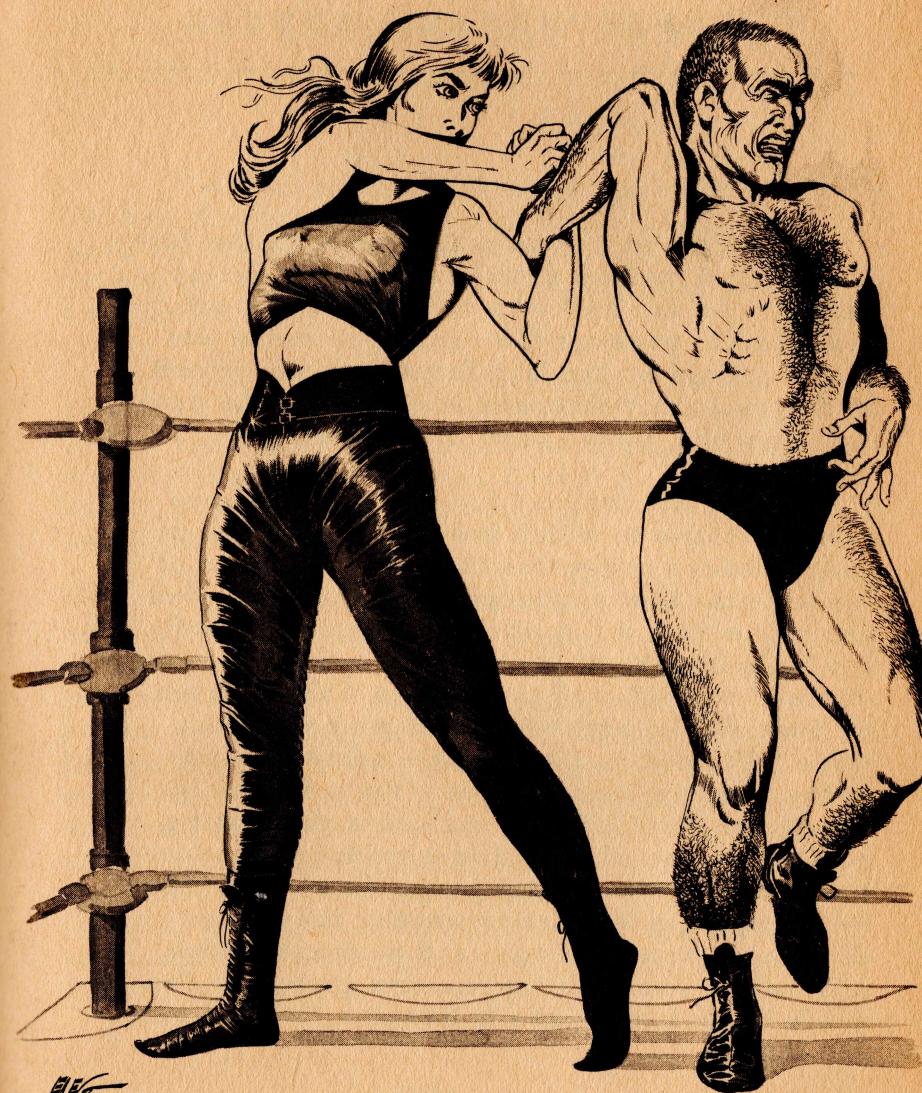
Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for the "Exotique" editions which I received, and with which I am very pleased.

In "Submission in Leather" there is a reader M.M.K., Fort Worth, Texas who asks for all kinds of rubber clothing and who wants to correspond with other rubber fans. Well I can supply everything in rubber if they want. I wear floor length gowns, rubber shirts and rubber knee length bloomers with a drop down flap at the back.

If you know a way to get in with same people who like also rubber clothing maybe by some announcement in a newspaper I should like to hear from you. Enclosed is a picture of me in a black rubber cape which you can publish.

J.L.J.V., Merin, Turkey



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Dear Editor:

I first met your magazine with the 11th issue. In it was an article written by Sylvia Sapper. As far as I was concerned this article appeared to presage the coming of more and better pieces on the Dominant Female, which as far as I am concerned is just what the doctor ordered. I have been disappointed.

Let me digress for a moment: I recall one issue in which you stated that one of your readers suggested that at least some of the articles that appeared in your publication and more than a few of the letters were written by members of your staff. In rebuttal you claimed that ALL of the letters were written by bona fide readers and that none of them were "Planted". Sapper is a name that appears in a magazine called "Fads & Fancies" which you distribute by mail to a palpitating public. In one of your correspondence issues you print a letter which purports to come from New York. In this letter appear the names Glenda, Harold, George, and perhaps Laura, and Jean. The identical names appear in Sapper's letters to "Fads & Fancies." 'Nuff said.

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I do not condemn this deception. I realize that truly strong and beautiful girls such as Glenda, Larua, and Carol do not exist except with rare exceptions and thus deception is necessary.

Rather I wish to condemn the almost complete lack of truly physically dominant females and the almost complete emphasis when a piece of this nature does occasionally appear on the psychically dominant female and psychically submissive male.

What I would like to see is a strong but preeminently feminine woman beating up a muscular and aggressive male with her bare hands. No whips, no chains, no submissive males but a strong but feminine female defeating a male. The reason I mention this is because in one issue of your magazine you had an admirable article about Amazons, but in the accompanying illustration where the Amazon was lifting the defeated male over her head, the man was so demasculinized and the Amazon so completely defeminized that the impact of the picture was lost completely.

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Another picture in a different issue showed a woman subduing a man with a fine wrestling hold. This picture was better but still you sacrificed some of her femininity. You diminished the size of the breasts and if there is one thing that the women in your magazine have, it is magnificent bosoms. Why this objection to sowing a feminine woman overpowering a man? I realize that there are as many sexually stimulating areas as there are people and that you as a money making organization must cater those desires which are most prevalent, but you publish a monthly magazine of somewhat over 60 pages; can't you, every 2 or 3 months devote 4, or 5, or 6 pages to a truly dominant female with text and a few (not just one) pictures? Or preferably a complete picture story.

When I saw R.W.'s letter about his wife Betty (which I figure to be a plant) I thought this was a wonderful point of departure for a series, with appropriate accompanying illustrations, but as nothing appeared in your last correspondence issue about her I assume you have dropped her. Please don't



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or give us something similar to her.

For your edification I refer you to some comic strips which appeared in the past. Miss Glory Forbes who was in Rangers Comics, Sally O'Niell who was in National Comics, one pagers were such as Roughhouse Annie in Amazing Man Comics. Of course, she was an older woman but what Gene Bilbrew could make out of her. One illustration: she, sitting on the porch hearing 2 men arguing about how tough they are and continuing till she gets annoyed, walks up to them cracks their heads together and knocks them cold, looks down at them unconscious on the floor and sneers, "Tough guys, eh?" Another one pager was Patsy Pinup in Jungle and Fight Comics.

This sort of thing appears in the daily newspapers. Smilin' Jack in the daily and Sunday News. Cindy the Incendiary blonde kneeling a hood in the stomach and showing an interesting expanse of voluptuous thigh, next delivering a crushing uppercut to the jaw, next straddling showing thighs once again and punching him. Also in Smilin' Jack,

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Tall Timber Tessie magnificently feminine walking into a house with 4 hoods that her boyfriend is afraid to walk into and knocking the 4 hoods and kicking them. Long Sam appeared in the Mirror, also on occasion beating up some man. Poteet Canyon in Steve Canyon also in the Mirror. The list is legion.

Now why can't we have a 4, or 5, or 6 page strip illustrated by Gene Bilbrew of a lovely feminine woman dressed in a short tight fitting low cut dress accosted by 1, or 2, or 3, or even more rough looking hoods and she knocks the hell out of them with a couple of devastating punches and a couple of effective Judo throws and straddles them with all but the nipples on her breasts showing and seeing the stockinged thigh and the smooth white flesh above the stocking and the garter straps and perhaps a bit of the lace trimmed panties. The plots I leave to your fertile minded staff. The art work to Bilbrew. The inclusion of this sort of material to you.

L.S., Portland, Oregon



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Dear Editor:

I would like to take the opportunity to tell you how much I enjoy reading your EXOTIQUE magazine. It has helped me to solve my problem, and I think the problem of many other men just like me. If you don't mind, I would like to tell you of my problem.

I am a man of thirty years old, and have been a great admirer of women's lovely clothes for a long time, especially those that are made of nylon, satin, and leather. I have often wanted to buy women's clothes to wear and see how it felt to have these smooth feeling things on my body. I never had the courage to do it until I started to read your magazine. After reading a few copies and learned how other men felt, I finally got the courage and went out and bought some. It really felt divine to wear these smooth things. I now dress in women's clothes quite often when ever I get the time.

While I am writing this letter I would like to discribe (photograph enclosed) what I am wearing. I have on a rubber girdle, a pair of

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black nylon panties, a white bra, with foam rubber falsies, a white nylon underskirt, sheer black stockings, black patent leather shoes, a pink nylon blouse, and the newest article of my clothes, a black leather two piece suit.

Thank you for helping me solve my problem, and keep up the good work which you are doing. Hope you will print this letter along with the photograph in EXOTIQUE.

C.L., Toledo, Ohio



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Dear Editor:

EXOTIQUE is a wonderful magazine, I believe, will actually help many to overcome frustrations through this "open discussion" method of exchanging ideas indomestic relations. We're looking forward especially to Correspondence Digest No. 3.

I'm sure some full page 'close ups' of the beautiful model designer E.G., Chicago, Illinois would be appreciated by your readers. We rubber enthusiasts would like to see enlargements of fotos #3 and #4 Correspondence No. 2 page 37.

Perhaps you could encourage the photographer to send some fotos of M.M.K., Fort Worth, Texas, donned in her rubber apparel. Incidentally M.M.K. must have recently married since her letter appeared on page 36 Submission in Leather. M.M.K. refers to her hubby on page 51 Correspondence Digest No. 2.

I'd like to say that while writing this I'm imprisoned in my lady friend's rubber disciplinary garb. You see, we already have a

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domestic code with varying degrees of punishment depending on the severity of the error committed. For example not helping her with her coat would not be as severe as swearing, etc.

At present I'm being given the "rubber cure" for talking back to my lady love. Usually I'm warned before calling that I'm to be given the rubber treatment so I'll have to think about it. But I have to go through with my punishment if I'm to see her again.

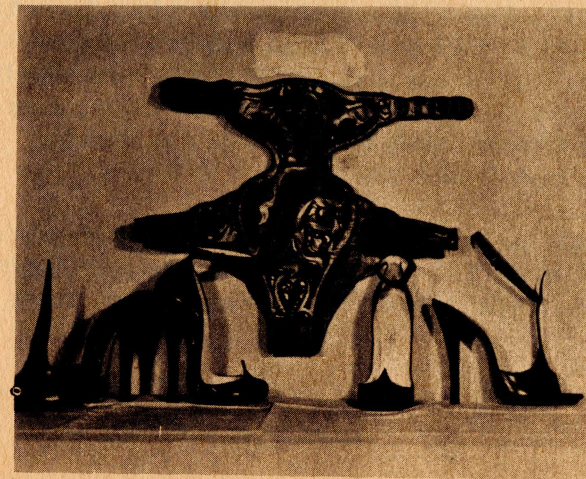
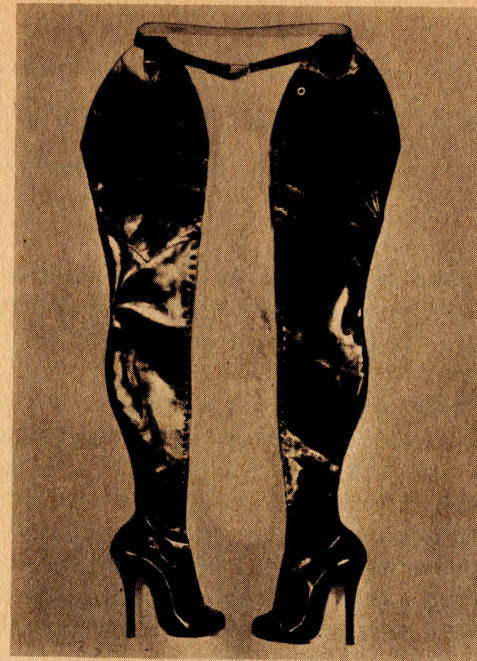
Upon being admitted to her apartment I am not allowed to speak but know that I must crawl on my hands and knees to her bed room whereupon she closes the door and I'm confronted with the following rubber latex garments I'm to don after having completely striped. Because I'm somewhat cool in the nude I'll admit that I'm a bit eager to slip into the latex panties. Next, the thigh length rubber latex stockings. Then, the soft high heeled black latex rubber booties. The natural rubber latex blouse is then snuggled into, head first, of course. Soft tissue-thin stretchy rubber gloves are always a "must."

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Then it's back on my knees whereupon I crawl back to the living room carrying her rubber correction mask; which I present to her as I bow to her feet encased in red latex galoshes kissing each toe (each galosh is immaculately clean and shiny since I usually have to wash them for committing a very minor error in manners).

The correction mask consists of two parts: the face piece and the helmet. The face piece is a thin playtex shower cap with eye holes and nose holes for breathing. Actually this stretchy rubber cap almosts covers my head after Laura stretches is taunt across my face and adjusts the eye and nose holes. Then she places the heavier playtex diving cap on my head and tightens the rubber chin strap, not under my chin, but across my lips! I could not speak now if I wanted to and if I open my mouth the india-rubber chin strap merely compresses the thin rubber face mask around my lips. This is not painful but uncomfortable so I extend my tongue so I can close my lips; and this leaves the set rubber against my lips.

An india-rubber sheet is also thrown



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around me, cape like, and secured with a clip at which time I may arise and watch TV, or read the paper, if my hands are free.

We do not believe in causing any pain, however, for more severe punishment there are many variations. For instance, once she placed her rubber panty girdle upon the bed with instructions as to how to snuggle (struggle) into same. Laura couldn't resist giving me a couple wacks with a ping-pong paddle. The result was an electrifying effect with my response muffled by the clever rubber gag strap.

To further tantalize me, Laura will garb herself from head to toe in lively stretchy clinging rubber. A red rubber beret, bra, swishing latex skirt that dances to the tops of her red latex galoshes. She, too, will wear a white clinging india-rubber cape, clipped at the throat, and tissue thin red rubber gloves to match her booties.

After an hour of sitting in my rubbery silence watching TV, she removed my pink latex discipline mask, wipes the perspiration from my

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face, puts a slow waltz on the record player and commands (as if at this time a command would be necessary) me to dance with her. We are both so aroused, by this time, that our desire is to dance together entwining each other in our rubber capes.

Indicently Laura has two rubber lined rain coats, one black and the other white. Nylon on the outside. On warm rainy nights I put on the black rain coat and she the white one, and we walk in the wonderful wet rain. She also wears a white rubber beret, and white rubber rain boots; occasionally doning black rubber gloves if its dark enough.

Let's hear from more of you rubber enthusiasts; and where more garments such as rubber raincoats, and raincoats for example can be ordered from.

J.L., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

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Dear Ed:

Cheers!!!! To the most wonderful publication on the newstand. I have been an ardent reader of "EXOTIQUE" since the first issue came out over two years ago. I think your best contributions up till now have been Tana Louise and the "Correspondence Digests."

Little did we realize how many men there are like us, who delight in the lovely feminine way of attire. In our case it is the caress of lace panties against one thigh, or the delightful hug of high heels against one nylon-clad foot that makes life worth living.

We were particularly interested in JD's letter (Corres. Issue #2 pp. 38). Costumes such as this are why we organized our little club. We call our club the "Boots and Crop Club," we are devotees of riding boots, leather costumes, rubber boots, corsets, and of course, high heels.

Our club does not have, nor would we tolerate any Homo's. Our members are above reproach like any other fraternity or club. Most



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of us wear Leather Riding boots during the warm weather, but during showers or snow we change into our rubber boots. We feel that we have the ideal way of recognizing present members, and prospective members recognizing us. We merely paint a small white spot on the back heel of one boot. See enclosed picture. If JD is interested in joining our club he may wear his boots in this manner, or look for one of us. We feel that this is an ideal way of getting acquainted and hope other similar clubs will do the same.

Our meetings offer the ultimate in Exotique and Bizarre costumes. Often times we have leg contests where both men and women all attired in nylons and high heels stand behind a screen and then we judge them. Many times it is extremely hard to tell one from the other, and believe me some of the girls in the club have beautiful legs. Its also fun to watch some of the men tripping around in high heels, or trying to sit comfortably in a full-length corset. All in all we have a lot of fun and exchange a lot of good ideas about makeup, fashions, etc.

We should be taking some pictures soon

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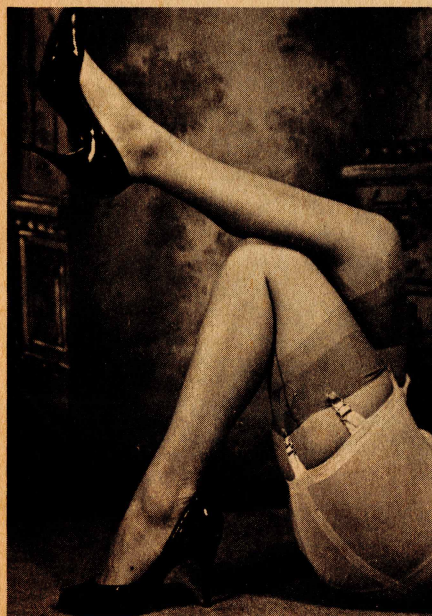
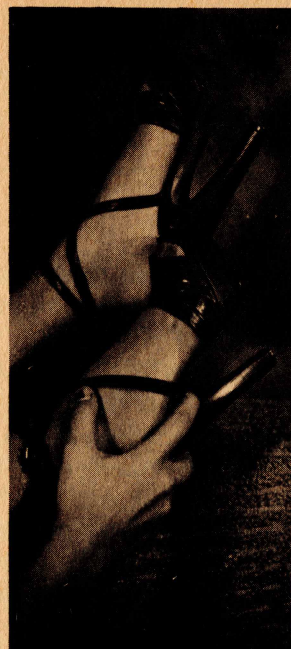
and if you think "Exotique" readers would like to see them we will forward them to you.

Meanwhile, please show more pictures like Dianne in her riding outfit, Tana in leather, also more on riding boots, leather clothes, and above all more correspondence issues.

Hoping that you will show the enclosed photographs and promote the idea of more clubs like ours. Thanks again.

LDR, Denver, Colorado





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Dear Sir:

You cannot imagine how thrilled and pleased my husband and I were to find the letter from S.M.P. of Virginia on page 45 of the #2 issue of Special Correspondence Digest. I'll just give part of our histories and let you do the editing!

I was in an accident when a youngster and lost my left leg above the knee leaving a five inch stump and my left arm was amputated just below the elbow. As soon as was possible, I was fitted with an artificial leg but the stump of my arm was not fitted with a prosthesis and I learned to make as good use of a fingerless or handless stump as was possible.

By the time I was a student in the University, I was quite an expert in handling the artificial leg. The foot of the limb was designed for a high-heeled shoe and since that time I have worn only high heels. Though it was obvious that my arm was amputated, fellow students were surprised when they learned about my leg. A limb fitter had told me that only another limb

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fitter would be able to detect my deformity from my gait. However, at the beginning of my junior year a young man had come on the campus from another University and, as I learned later from him, there are other "experts" than limb fitters who can spot a well-handled artificial leg. To begin with, he is a "collector" of one-legged girls! (See Out On a Limb, by Louise Baker, Whittlesey House, 1946, bottom of page 84). I became his "prize" and we were married very shortly thereafter; and that was 9 1/2 happy, happy years ago.

My husband is two-legged but is a one-legged transvestite. (See Sexual Deviation by Louis S. London, M.D., Linacre Press, Washington, D.C. page 545). He bends back his left leg at the knee and straps his lower leg to his thigh. His skirt hides all of this, of course, and he is an expert at getting about on either one or two crutches. However, his is another story. If my letter is of interest to you, I hope that I can get him interested in writing to you and giving you his story completely.

The summer after our junior year, we were hired as caretakers for the home of a

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wealthy couple that were going abroad. Caretaker amounted to being sure that the gardener showed up regularly, the housecleaner did her word when she came in, etc. So, it turned out to be a great summer of excitement and experimentation for my husband and I. I have to think back over the years, but let me try to recount that period.

As soon as we would be at home, my husband would lift my skirt to unscrew the suction plug that held my limb onto my stump. Taking my leg away from me left me his dependent one-legged sweetie and he cherished the idea that he now had to help me and wait on me. He held me about the waist as I hopped on my one foot toward the couch and his eyes were just glued to my skirt. While hopping, I moved my stump forward against my skirt and he found that sight absolutely exciting. He preferred that my half-slip be off and that my skirt be of thin material and hang straight from the hips. Thus, when seated, the skirt falls flat against my thighs and clearly outlines my short stump in contrast to the full thigh of my one leg.

As I indicated earlier, my husband is an

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expert on crutches. I had never used crutches and he was determined that I should do so. He bought a beautiful pair of rosewood crutches with soft, leather arm pits rests for me. (I still have them.) He fitted the upper part of my left crutch with a corset arrangement into which I slip the stump of my arm so that I can both hold the crutch close to my body and also move it. It was most tiresome and far from easy for me to learn to use crutches, but the first few weeks of that summer, my husband wouldn't allow me to have my artificial leg and made me learn to handle my crutches properly. There were about ten acres behind the house we were living in and hubby and I spent hours prancing about on our crutches. (He certainly does make a beautiful one-legged girl but has never had the courage to appear in public in his get-up). In racing on my crutches, he taught me the trick of taking a hop on my one foot between steps with my crutches so as to gain an extra step. He liked me to hurry towards him for short distances so that he could watch my breasts bounce with each step as I landed heavily on my crutches and to see the breeze clearly outline my tiny stump against my skirt. Another trick that I learned (and which made me "one up" on him

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because he couldn't do it with his "phony" stump) was to press my short stump out sideways and onto the hand bar of my left crutch. I could either stand at rest in this position or else help my arm stump move my crutch by taking steps forward with my leg stump. I would be thrilled to watch the fascination with which he stared at my short stump, snugly pressing against the smooth material of my skirt as it was squeezed between the bars of my crutch!

Though my arm stump was laced firmly to my crutch, it wasn't strong enough for me to hold it so that I could use just one crutch. (Obviously, with my left leg gone, it wouldn't be prudent for me to handle just one crutch with my right arm and hand.) However, I learned that by resting my leg stump on the hand bar of that left crutch, I was able to sort of use the crutch as a peg leg and thus hobble about on just the one crutch. This gait, too, fascinated my man because with each step of my stump and crutch I would lean forward and to the left so that my right hip would "bounce" out to the side.

Which brings to us our next episode. We

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had met up with an old time limb maker and indicated to him that we would like to have a peg leg made for me. He doubted that my tiny stump could handle it but was willing to work at it. We ended up with the most exciting peg leg ever.

To begin with, it was originally made with just a one-buckle strap for my waist. We transferred the peg leg to a tight-fitting corset which, of course, my hubby has to lace me into. The peg leg itself has a leather bucket on top with laces up the front. My stump fits into this bucket and the laces tie my stump firmly into it. The bucket itself fits right up to my groin, similar to my artificial leg. From the bucket down to the ground, there is just a strong wooden pole with a rubber tip on the end of it. With waist and stump all laced up and wearing a narrow skirt, my husband just loves to watch me move about with my short, mincing steps. (With the artificial leg, I can swing a normal stride, but my short stump permits only a short step of the peg leg.) There's something special, he would tell me, about seeing just a straight pole come out from beneath the hem of my skirt, instead of another

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nicely shaped limb to match my right leg. When I sit on a chair wearing the peg leg, I first sit on the edge of the chair with the tip of my peg leg resting on the ground. When I slide back into the seat, he'd be entranced to see the peg leg just straight out. When we sat on the grass lawn in back of the house, I could neither sit down nor stand up without his help. He was thrilled to have me thus dependent on him, and I was equally happy to be so genuinely in need of his help. He would hold me from behind beneath my arm pits to lower me to the ground and then would hold my arms to help me up. I'll never forget the very first time I was thus seated and tried to get up by myself. He stood by and must've watched me for a full five minutes as I wriggled back and forth on the slippery grass in an attempt to get a footing for the tip of my peg leg and with only one hand to help push me up!

I hope that these incidents are of sufficient interest to your readers so that I can tell the stories of my short-skirted drum majorette outfit, the special peg leg that I have which is carved like a leg and how a bizarre six-inch heeled shoe attached to it to match the mate which I can wear on my own foot, etc.

P.O.L.



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Dear Editor:

I've felt that I had something to say about subduing errant males but just got up the nerve and a typewriter. From the day we were married I've allways been his boss. Very early he became efficiently aware of the household chores and catering to me and my friends. His girlish build contributed to my complete domination. He well knows the humiliation of a spanking in private or before company. However, a few months ago he started to assert himself, and I decided that this rebellion would have to be crushed. So I decided on the diaper or dy-dee as my instrument. Gals, how can any male be appealing when the rear of his trousers sag because underneath, his derrier is covered by the bulky dy-dee, plastic (crotch fastened) training panties, plus ruffled outer panties. These are things he must wear every day to remind him to be good. For everytime he is naughty or displeases me in some way, Billy not only gets the hairbrush, but earns a week-end of being a little tot. This means the above and a cute play-suit or short dress, ribbon in the hair, white rolled stockings, mary-jane shoes, baby-talk (on his part), junior foods

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and an early bed-time, not to mention nipped bottles, using his special seat in the bathroom, and having to play with other tots of my friends.

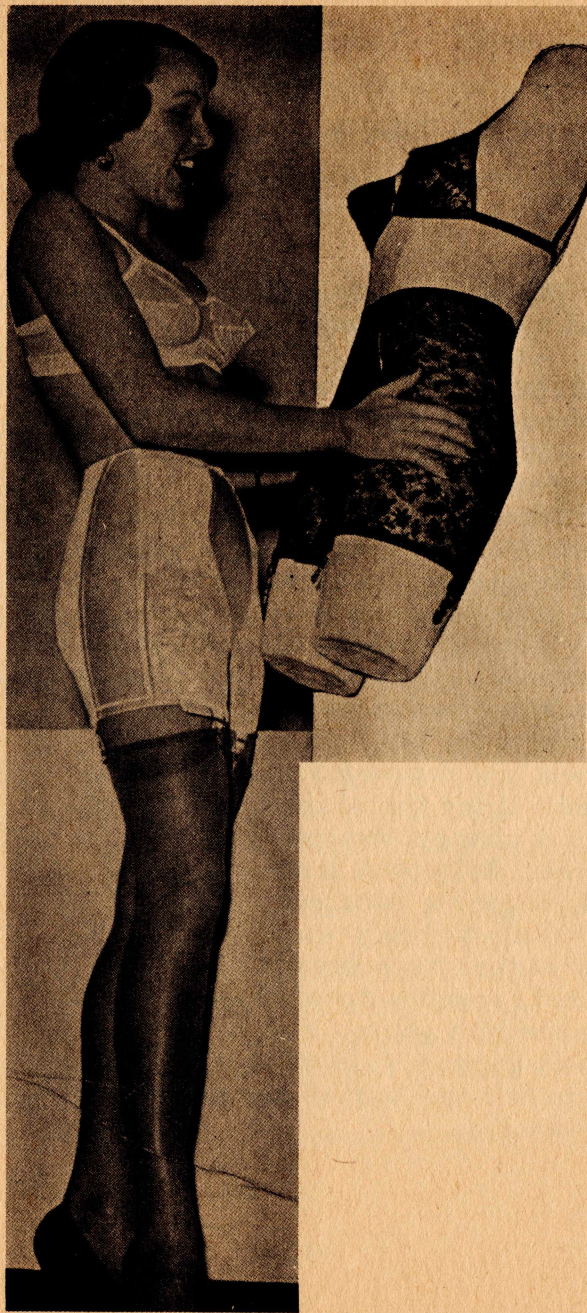
After two-weeks of training I had a girl friend and her brash three year old stop in unknown to little Billy. He was all dressed in a short play-frock sitting at my feet when they barged in. Crimson in his new shame, he looked at me imploringly. Feeling completely surprised and subdued, he murmured, and on a tug from me, finally got out, "H'wo Anwty Bet." Hello Auntie Beth. Beth was a gal who had complained of Billy's forwardness. The still blushing, ex-gallant now made a darling curtsie, and was led to the center of the floor where he sat to play with three year old Donnie. Donnie soon took over to Billy's chagrin. When Donnie went to his nap, I made Billy model new, but bulgin outer panties by lifting his frock and bending over. After this little exercise in abasement, I suggested that it was time for his bottle. With Billy sucking firmly on the nipple Beth maliciously undulated her hips as she went over to him, stooped to where he must see the cleavage of her bust, and chucked him under the chin. I can only imagine

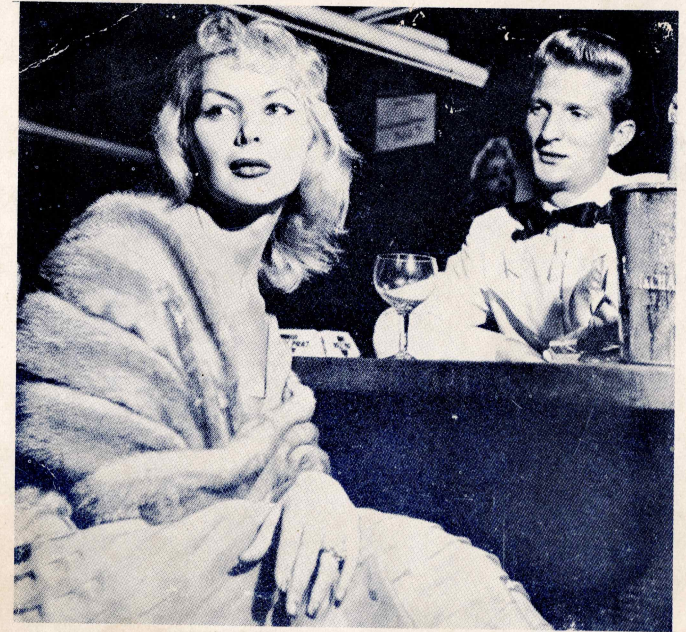
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his feeling of disgrace. With that, she got Donnie, and away they went.

Arlene, another whom Billy had eyes for, arrived next, in time to witness her swain, bibbed and eating junior-foods, a really demeaning experience for Billy. After, dinner, Arlene turned her attentions to him, by patting his padded rump, then making him crawl to her while she changed chairs. Cruelly, but with my full consent she dipped her toes in the bowl of Billy's milk, making him lick them like a little animal. Then she rolled him over, lifted his frock and began tickling him. A stricken look came over his face, and I knew what had happened, and I was furious. While Arlene watched I lifted the skirt and checked. Sure enough, a change was needed. Arlene howled with glee. Billy was lead to the B.R. to finish seated, while we watched. This final violation of his manly privacy worked wonders. Completely dashed he submitted to being oiled, powdered, roundly spanked, and diapered. I then made him go to Arlene, saying, "Biwee sowy wet dy-dee." With that he went on his knees to her and buried his face in her tummy. I had won.

R.M., Chicago, Ill.





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